

Infinite, and Tragic, without Despair



By Shomit Sirohi

I. A Man Is Simple, and Proficient, even Militant, as a Revolution is Underway

I was simply aware,
That fate,
Is pure force of tragedy,
But life is dense,
Like a woman,
Who is A Sex Queen,
Many women,
There were a lightness.

II. German Idealism Summarised in Praxis Jottings

I am an Idealist,
Of language,
Even know 20,
And smoke cigarettes,
Materialism,
Recording the Optimism,

Of women,
Graceful,
Infinite,
Shoal of a Beach.

I was a materialist,
To announce,
That finitude,
I afterall infinite,
In bodies,
That swerve,
And dance,
And have sex.

III. Lyric and Anti-Poem for Belano

In fact the lyric,
Was cut up,
Like jazz,
No-one enters the hospital,
We are in cars,
And it is engineered,
For speed,
We are all
That speed.
I meant for tragic announcements,
Instead of sex, poem and acephal.
What then is faith?
That act, intra-philosophical
Of course.